Enter Exton with the Coffin.

Exton. Great King, within this Coffin I preſent
Thy buried feare: herein all breathleſſe lies
The mightieſt of thy greateſt enemies,
Richard of *Burdeaux*, by me hither brought.
King. Exton, I thanke thee not, for thou haſt wrought
A deede of ſlaughter with thy fatall hand,
Vpon my head, and all this famous land.
Exton. From your owne mouth (my Lo.) did I this deed
King. They loue not poyſon, that do poyſon need,
Nor doe I thee, though I did wiſh him dead;
I hate the murtherer, loue him murthered:
The guilt of conſcience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor Princelie fanour:
With *Caine* go wander through the ſhade of night,
And neuer ſhew thy head by day nor light.
Lords, I proteſt my ſonle is full of woe,
That blood ſhould ſprinckle me to make me grow.
Come mourne with me, for what I doe lament,
And put on ſullen blacke incontinent:
Ile make a voyage to the Holy land,
To waſh this blood off from my guiltie hand.
March ſadly after, grace my mournings heere,
In weeping after this vntimely Beere.

FINIS.